

PHIL SHERIDAN'S DASH.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

Lost Under Halleck, Buell and Rosecrans in the West—A Caged Tiger—The Very Incarnation of Battle—The Northern Stonewall Jackson.

Gen Phil Sheridan always had about him more of the dash, more of the magnetic force of a general than any of the others who in the end came out the great leaders of the war. For the first three years of the struggle he occupied subordinate positions, and his transition from a captain and quartermaster to one of the three most prominent leaders of the war was even greater than that of Gen. Grant, from colonel of volunteers to general in chief. As a division commander in the west Sheridan was never heard of, but he seems to have attracted the attention of Grant, for it was Grant who called him from the west to take command of the cavalry forces of the Army of the Potomac.

When Sheridan was commanding a division in the Army of the Cumberland he was not the staid person he was afterward. He then weighed about 120 pounds, his figure was small, his face rather thin. He always had the same splendid black eyes, a division general, when these are considered and the general commanding the army over him, is a more executive officer. He is but two grades above a colonel and one above a brigadier general. He may fight his men well, but no planning, nothing original is expected of him. If Grant, when asked by President Lincoln when he wanted to command the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, had thought of some one else, Sheridan would probably have died comparatively unknown. As it was, he came out the most striking figure for spirit and quick, nervous work of the war.

Gen. Horace Porter has given in The Century Magazine for November, 1897, a vivid picture of Sheridan as he appeared as one of the closing scenes of the war, before the enemy's earthworks, near the White Oak road in Virginia. The movement was slow and Sheridan got impatient. "Sheridan," says Gen. Porter, "telling with impetuosity and consumed with anxiety, became as restive as a race horse in the start. He made every possible appeal for promptness; he dismounted from his horse, paced up and down, struck the clenched fist of one hand into the palm of the other, and fretted like a caged tiger."

"At 4 o'clock the formation was completed and the order for the assault was given, and the struggle for Pickett's entrenched line began. Sheridan now rushed into the midst of the broken lines and cried out, 'Where is my battle flag?' As he shouted who carried it rose up. Sheridan seized the crimson and white standard, waved it above his head, cheered on the men and made great efforts to close up the ranks. Bullets were humming like a swarm of bees. One pierced the battle flag, another killed the sergeant who had carried it, another wounded Capt. Metcalf in the side, others struck two or three of the staff officers' horses. All this time Sheridan was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, shaking his fists, encouraging, threatening, praying, swearing, the very incarnation of battle. It would be a sorry soldier who could help following such a leader."

"Sheridan rode Rennie, the famous horse that had once carried him twenty miles from Winchester. The general spurred him up to the angle, and with a bound he carried his rider over the earthworks and landed him in the midst of a line of prisoners, who had thrown down their arms and were crouching close under their breastworks. Some of them called out, 'What do you want us to do?' Then Sheridan's rage turned to humor, and he had a running talk with the 'Johnnies' as they first put. 'Go right over there,' he cried, pointing to the rear, 'get right along now; drop your guns; you'll never need them any more. You'll all be safe over there; are there any more of you? We want every one of you fellows.'"

There is no such picture as this of any of the great leaders of that period. Stonewall Jackson, on the battlefield, has been described as such a man, and undoubtedly had a remarkable power of transmitting enthusiasm to his troops. No general rose so rapidly when he came got an opportunity as Phil Sheridan.

A Somewhat Awkward Incident.
A lady whose garden happens to overlook the garden of her next door neighbor was out looking at her flowers the other morning. Her little dog, Rags, had accompanied her and took it into his head to lie down picturesquely by the fence. His mistress, looking down at him as he lay curled up there with his blue ribbon about his neck, clasped her hands in mock admiration and exclaimed, looking steadily at him:

"Oh! don't you think you look awfully nice in your blue ribbon down there?" Just as the words "down there" were out of her mouth she noticed, to her horror, that the lady next door, whose intimate acquaintance she had not the honor of, was exactly in the line of her vision in the next yard and that she wore a blue ribbon on her hair! The lady next door looked up in indignation. Rags was invisible from where she stood, and she had no doubt the remark was addressed to her. She turned about with a fierce movement, rushed back into her house and slammed the door after her. The unintended author of the insult in the meantime stood aghast and helpless.—Boston Transcript

Gen. Boulanger enjoys being an author, but it is suspected that he would rather be president than write. Vices, like misfortunes, seldom, if ever, come singly.—Uncle Eben.

THE LATE EMPEROR.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF HIS PUBLIC AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Our Fritz" in 1880—His Wife's Adventure on the Ocean Steamer—Military Review of 1880—Fine Show of All the Notabilities—The Potsdam Garrison.



EXTRAORDINARY interest centers in the development of affairs in Europe, now that death has for the second time within a few months removed the head of the German government. Scarcely less interesting than the cable's daily reports of what is actually occurring are the reminiscences of the late Emperor Frederick that are told by the correspondents who have, at one time or another, come in contact with "Our Fritz." Mr. Theodore Stanton, the well known Paris correspondent, has forwarded the following to this paper:

When I was in Berlin in the summer of 1880 I saw something of "Our Fritz" on several occasions. He then looked well and strong, there was a healthy glow in his face, and his eyes were bright and smiling.

But let me go back a little. When I first crossed the ocean, in June, 1874, Capt. Nordenfalk, a charming old tar, told us one day a characteristic anecdote of the then crown prince.

"On our last trip out," the captain began, "we brought the crown prince, the crown princess and their children from Bremen to Southampton. The crown princess, as you are aware, is the daughter of Queen Victoria, and was on her way to pay a visit to her native land."

"Well, one day the princess went to take a bath, so the tub was filled with water. You know, by the way, that the famous system is not so simple in a transatlantic steamer's bathroom as it is in the bathrooms on land. Now, there was not enough water in the tub to suit her imperial highness, or else it was too cool or too warm, so she turned on one of the stopcocks, but how to check the inflow puzzled her. In despair she turned another cock, when steam began to hiss and fill the room with a blinding vapor. In the meanwhile the water was pouring over the sides of the tub and flooding the small room. Greatly frightened, fearing an explosion of some kind from the steam, with drowning as the finale, the princess was finally forced to open the bath room door and cry:

"Fritz! Fritz! Come quick and turn off this water and steam!"

"The crown prince took to the situation at once. But partly in fun, and partly to teach his wife a lesson—she should not handle things she didn't understand," as he said—he did not budge.

"In the meanwhile the princess had shut the door again, and the water now began to run in streams out into the passageway. The waiters rushed for pails and mops, while the chief steward hastened to tell me—I was on the bridge at the time—what was going on. I immediately called the engineer and ordered him to turn off all the water in the ship. And thus the poor crown princess got her bath at last. The crown prince, and the next day the crown princess, too, laughed heartily over this episode.

"Shortly after landing the imperial party," continued Capt. Nordenfalk, "I received this diamond scarf pin here in my cravat, with a letter from the crown princess, in which she thanked me—I quote her letter—for having saved my life under very peculiar circumstances."

The first time I saw the Emperor Frederick was at the spring review of the Berlin garrison in 1880.

About 10 o'clock a large cavalcade was observed approaching. Those in the first carriages raised their hats, and a brilliant body of several hundred horsemen rode by on the gallop, the stately haiser, sitting his horse as few other persons could, leading, with the crown prince a little behind him. Von Moltke was there, too, I was told, though I failed to discover his commanding figure in the throng of officers. Bismarck was conspicuous by his absence. The great chancellor never participates in these public exhibitions of Germany's power. He prefers to sit in his cabinet and pull the strings which move these military puppets. After the royal party had galloped out of sight came a dashing horseman in red uniform, preceding a state carriage drawn by six black horses, and containing the crown princess and her children. All hats were removed as they were whirled along.

A few days later I had a still better view of the then crown prince at the review of the Potsdam garrison. Taking an early train for Potsdam, I was admitted to a fine place from which to see the review, by a small pink card stamped with the German coat of arms, on which card was printed, "Pass to the rooms of the second story of the royal palace at Potsdam, for the 31st of May, 1880." Mounting the stairs of the edifice I was ushered into an apartment which looked out on the small parade ground, directly in front of the Schloss, or royal palace. The infantry was already drawn up in the form of a large parallelogram, the regiment opposite my window wearing the uniform of Frederick the Great's guards, white pants, dark blue coats, and hats resembling the pope's mitre. These hats have a lofty front of burnished brass surmounted by a cockade, and a top of red cloth slanting downward to the back of the head, and divided in the middle by a line of white.

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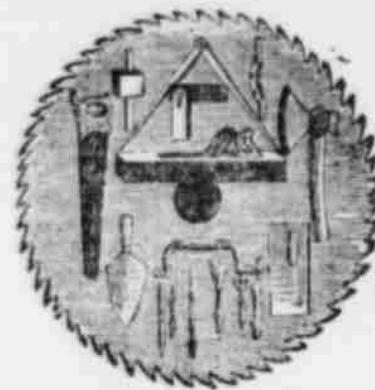
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